THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI MARCH, 1924 NO. 3

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Woman

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

Glorious woman! Realms of light
Circle round thee pure and bright!
Thralldom, tyrant-sway withdrawn,
Hail thy new awakening dawn!
Each dark flaw with high resolve
Nobly from thyself absolve;
Truth and freedom equal, good
Crown thy lovely sisterhood!
Fairest woman, rise to see
Thy diviner destiny;
Regnant queen, adorn thy place,
Glorious Mother-of-our-race!

SPRING

My Dreams

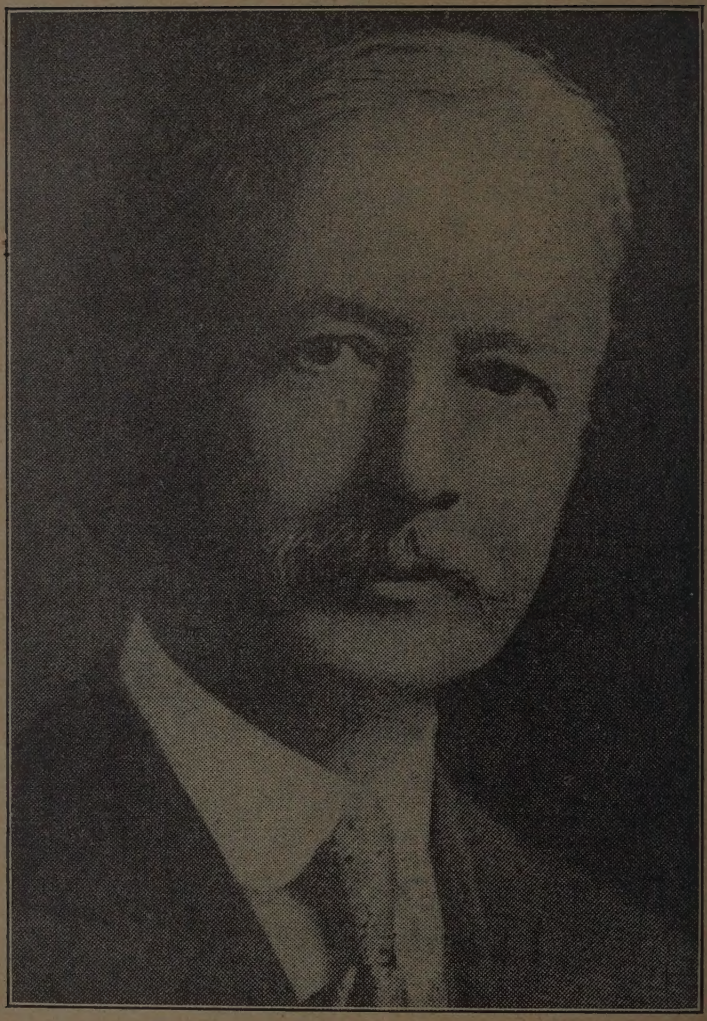
By Lucy Wright Snow, of Royal Oak Michigan
(These Stanzas Received Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Contest)

That I may be to him Thou gavest me
A loving helpmate and companion here;
A woman good who doth efficiently
Act well the part of wife to one so dear,
Make me strong of body, wise of mind,
Prudent in all things subject to thy call;
Through him who called me wife, Lord, may I find
A heavenly title, earned e'en through Eve's fall.

Would I might earn the favored title queen,
And fill complete my mission here below.
Lord, let me be a mother; thou hast seen
Me often bowed in supplication low
Seeking the power of worthiness from thee,
Asking thy will concerning humble me.
Oh grant me, Lord, I pray, in all its glory,
The title mother, best bestowed by thee.

Yet it is not enough to have earned this,
E'en more doth my ambitious soul desire;
I must achieve to claim the title friend
Ere I can gain perfection's flaming fire.
I shall, dear Lord, have done it unto these
Thy children—loved them, lent my helping hand,
Made full my sacrifice, given thee the praise;
Then I shall know, dear Lord, thou'lt call me friend.

Oh, may the conduct of my life be such
That I might justly claim these gifts from thee,
For thou hast said thou'rt bound bestowing much
On all who to thy word obedient be.
Give me then, patience, wisdom, faith and love,
Yet, more than all, a wealth of sympathy
To bless mankind and make me worthy of
Eternal lives throughout eternity.



Dr. C. H. Levermore, Bok Prize Winner

Long a worker in Peace Societies. Professor Levermore received the first $50,000 from the hands of John W. Davis.

The Lord is my Shepherd

Mrs. Hattie Critchlow Jensen, of Salt Lake City

(These stanzas received honorable mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Contest)

If I knew that Life's span were measured,
And this were my last "today"—
Of all the sweet thoughts I have treasured
These are the ones I would say:
"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

When the thorns of affliction press heavy,
And the pain is too great to express,
I can hear his sweet voice calling gently;
"Have patience—ere long you'll find rest:"
"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters."

What joy to know he is near me—
When struggling through life's daily tread—
To know that he tenderly loves me—
That for me was his blood freely shed.
"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the
Paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

I have oft in my dreams of the future,
Not bounded by limited time,
Imagined myself in his presence
Partaking of glory divine.
"Thou preparest a table before me in the
Presence of my enemies: thou anointest
My head with oil; my cup runneth over."

Though perchance my burdens were heavy
And cares have o'ershadowed my way—
And sorrow and grief were my portion,
Thank God! He has taught me to say:—
"Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow
Of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I doubt not his justice and mercy,
His promise to me makes me whole;
The dawn of a brighter hereafter
Enlightens and raises my soul;
I trust in his mercy and goodness,
I know that salvation is sure,
If I follow wherever he beckons,
And chasten my soul to endure,
"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
The days of my life: and I will dwell in the house
Of the Lord forever."

CHAMPIONS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Abraham Lincoln, Horace Mann, Theodore Roosevelt Woodrow Wilson

Eighty-eight years ago, when Abraham Lincoln was a young man twenty-seven years of age, he declared for woman suffrage. He was the first great American statesman to ask that suffrage be extended to the woman. Later, the great educator, Horace Mann, became an ardent advocate of suffrage for women. That was seventy-five years ago. In 1912, through the good offices of Theodore Roosevelt, a woman suffrage plank was placed in the platform of the Progressive party. Woodrow Wilson was the first president of the United States to go before the United States Senate and ask for the passage of a federal amendment, granting suffrage to the women of the United States.

To these champions of woman's rights, the heart of the womanhood of America turns in fond memory and in gratitude, as the curtain lowers over the life of the last great actor of the group.

THE

Relief Society Magazine

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The Relief Society the First Woman's Organization

By Alice Louise Reynolds

We have often been asked, "Is the Relief Society the oldest woman's organization in the world?" Because of the frequency with which this question has been put to us, we are presenting the best material we have at hand, asking the reader to keep in mind that there is so little material available in respect to women's organizations until modern times, that the discussion must be regarded as a discussion of modern movements.

The Relief Society was organized on the 17th day of March, 1842, in the city of Nauvoo. The first woman's organization in the world, of which we have any record is the Female Anti-Slavery Society, formed in 1837.

To continue this history of women's organizations, the Sorosis Club, of New York, usually given credit for being the first woman's club, was organized in the year 1868. In 1889 the first convention of the federated clubs of America was held in New York City. The first Woman's Suffrage Convention, which was known under the name of the First Woman's Rights Convention, was held in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. We celebrated last summer the seventy-fifth anniversary of the calling of that convention. The first National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was called in 1874. The Young Woman's Christian Association came into being in 1858.

With the material we are able to present, it is evident that the only national organization of women, of which we have any information, older than the Relief Society, is the Female Anti-Slavery Society, which discontinued its work when slavery was abolished. The American Woman Suffrage Association, brought into being in 1848, was six years younger than the Woman's Relief Society; but it, like the Anti-Slavery Society, has accomplished the work for which it was organized and has passed out of exist-

ence. To be sure, other organizations have succeeded it, which are working for the extended rights of women, but these organizations do not make appeal in precisely the same way as did the American Suffrage Association; for the women who are working for the extension of women's rights are divided into two groups, the group that believes that the end will be reached soonest by continuing intact women's organizations, and the group that believes that their objective will best be reached through the medium of political parties.

Taking the facts into consideration, we feel justified in concluding that the Woman's Relief Society is the oldest woman's organization in the world that has continued its work, and that has as its aim the organization of women in any part of the world where the Church has been organized.

It is entirely possible that women belonging to both the Federated Clubs of America and the American Woman Suffrage Association would challenge the right of the Relief Society to first place, on the ground that a man called the Relief Society women together and organized them, while in the instance of the American Woman's Suffrage Association and the Federated Clubs, women took the initiative both in calling the women together and in organizing them. True as is the contention of the women of other organizations that the Relief Society was organized by a man, another thing is equally true, and that is that this organization was brought into being for the benefit, uplift and advancement of women, and that it is none other than a woman's organization.

In the light of these facts, we feel that the Relief Society is entitled to be called the first organization of women in the world, to persist, as the first Woman's Rights Convention was not called until six years after the organization of the Relief Society, and the first woman's club was not brought into existence until the Relief Society was twenty-five years of age, while the National Council of Women naturally came at a very much later date.

The B. Y. U. Leadership Nursery

By Laura Gardner

"Babies big and babies small,
Babies short and babies tall;
Babies so tiny they can't sit up,
Babies who drink from a silver cup;
Babies that laugh, and babies that crawl,
Babies that eat, sleep, creep, cry and all.
Oh, what in the world is half so sweet
As a baby!"

Dark and light, pale and rosy, sad and smiley babies, one finds all types in the Day Nursery at the Brigham Young University during Leadership Week, for room 38E is a veritable Baby Land. Babies are checked in from the tiny cuddley ones of six weeks in tatted hoods and woolly shawls, who must be guarded with greatest care, to the impish, dancing-eyed, red-headed boy of six and one-half years who can tweak an ear here, snatch a ball there, turn on the gas jets, and upset the sand table in less than one minute, and be completely absorbed in a color magazine in the far corner when the culprit is looked for.

What a picture is revealed to interested spectators! One hundred happy children playing together in the roomy laboratory. Surely the biology room has never exhibited more interesting specimens for research and study! The kiddy coops and kars are all in active motion. The sand tables resemble busy ant hills. The group in the corner are fashioning valentines of their own design; in the center of the room a noisy circle plays "Here we go round the mulberry bush," while here and there an A. W. S. story teller holds her little group of worshipers spellbound with tales of "The Three Bears," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Grandfather Frog."

Busy sentinels are on guard to keep tiny tots within bounds. There is an occasional escape and mother's previous pets are found balancing on their stomachs over the banisters trying to see what is taking place in the halls three flights below. Apples and cookies serve as a means of coaxing adventurous children back to safety in the nursery where, most of the day, the hall near the door is thronged with boys interested in the nursery and the nurses, who prevent escapes from under the table near the door by blockading the passage to freedom.

Across the hall in the Library is the bookworm, the conscientious student who cannot forget mid-term exams and term

DAY NURSERY, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY LEADERSHIP WEEK

papers long enough to really enjoy life, who scowls at the awful din that comes from the nursery and hunts the remotest corner of the Library, then finally resorts to absorbent cotton from the bacteriology laboratory to shut out from his busy brain the noise of the hundred young hopefuls who are making the rafters ring next door.

To the Associated Women Students of the University who have cheerfully turned nurses, the babies are not the only item of interest. They not only study babies, but parents as well. There is the anxious mother who hesitates between quieting her crying infant and getting a seat in general assembly. Next comes the proud father with his group of three or four that he gladly checks with the responsible looking girls at the door, and goes contentedly away to his lecture, free now to go where he will. Between sessions the doors are thronged with mothers coming back to make sure that all is right in the nursery. Lest parents get confused in finding their charges in the over-filled room, careful nurses tag each infant with his name and number and no family can find an exchanged member after a day in the nursery. The tag gives the infant a real thrill and in many cases the owner refuses to give up his precious label when he is checked out.

"Do you get paid for this?" a father asks, and the willing nurses open their eyes wide at the mere thought. Get paid?—Yes, in the joy that comes from a day in the Nursery with a group of happy, laughing children whose parents can leave them there and feel satisfied and confident that they will be well cared for until called for. The thanks of the grateful mother and her smile, full of good will are enough. Indeed, no department during Leadership Week has more charms than the Day Nursery.

LAUGH IT OFF

Are you worsted in a fight?
Are you cheated of your right?
    Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedies of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
    Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
    Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
    Laugh it off.

—*Modern Methods.*

EDITORIAL

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Room 29, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

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The Relief Society Birthday

The 17th of March, 1924, marks the eighty-second anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society, a fact that suggests that we are within hailing distance of the century mark.

The words "opportunity" and "responsibility" loom very large on our banner as we march along. It is a great privilege to have the opportunity to carry the gospel of Christ, and the gospel of culture, to every woman in the world who will accept of our offering. It is a tremendous responsibility to be charged with having the vision that is part and portion of the leadership that must carry this great organization forward and onward in this day of increasing enlightenment and progress. But we are entrusted with this very responsibility. Well might we stagger under the load, were it not that, like Nephi of old, we believe that God will grant the blessing we need, provided we do our part.

The *Magazine* extends hearty greetings to all officers and members of the Relief Society, throughout the world, on the eighty-second birthday anniversary of this great organization.

The Woman's Idea

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman quite startled the public when she told them that nearly one-half of the world's power had been kept within four walls. She insisted that it be freed, stating that the creative power of the woman is as much needed in the making of the world as the creative power of the man.

An incident in the recent history of Chicago is to the point. A movement for a five-million-dollar bond issue was launched.

The men wanted the issue for the making of a zoological garden, and, in keeping with their desires, all the big papers of Chicago were supporting their project. A woman connected with the Chicago schools chanced to know that the room provided for the school children of that city was wholly inadequate, consequently she suggested that a counter campaign be inaugurated for a five million-dollar bond issue for the building of school houses, and that the slogan of the campaign be, "Monkeys or Kids."

The school people had no opportunity for publicity through the daily papers, so that they had to be contented with such publicity as might be afforded apart from the press. They tagged people on the streets; had processions of the children, in which they carried banners, setting forth their desires. The thing "took like wildfire." Everywhere, in the streets, on the cars, in the shops, everybody was asking everybody else, "Who are you for, monkeys or kids?"

Election day came. The issue for the school bond went over two to one, and the issue for the zoo was defeated two to one. Had there not been a woman in Chicago who knew the school situation, and in addition to that, knew how to make the school situation known to others, in all probability the children would have continued to suffer for housing; the bond issue would have been put over for the zoo, and the monkeys would have won the day.

Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University

Sixty-six stakes were represented at the leadership week this year, marking a considerable advancement over the attendance last year. Everywhere one looked Relief Society workers were in evidence. We feel sure that we shook hands with not fewer than twenty stake presidents, during this week, as well as other representatives. To be sure, the greater number of workers were from the nearby stakes, but it is surprising how widely distributed the representation was. One saw representatives one moment from Canada, another from Idaho, and so on, from Cache Valley to Box Elder, Tooele, Uintah, Tintic, South Sanpete and Panguitch, and many other stakes not mentioned that lie in between and beyond to the south.

The opinion is quite prevalent that this was the best leadership week that the institution has conducted. The General Board was represented by Counselors Jennie B. Knight and Louise Y. Robison, and Miss Alice L. Reynolds.

In addition to lectures given by practically every member of the faculty, there were forty-two lecturers from the outside. It is felt that there was not so much visiting done this year as formerly,

but that persons coming selected a group of courses for the week and attended each day.

Notable among the features of the week was the great number of paintings from Utah artists found in the halls and rooms of the plant. The music was of an exceptionally high order. In the evening entertainments the visitors came in contact with the drama, the pageant, chorus and orchestra music. The slogan of the week had been "Leadership for Community Soul Building," and everywhere the people in attendance found much food for their souls.

IT'S TIME FOR SPREADING CHEER

By S. E. Kiser

It's time to be forsaking
The old ways for the new;
It's time to aid in making
The orphan's hopes come true;
The time is come for giving,
Not roses to the dead,
But courage to the living
Whose eyes are full of dread.

It's time for letting kindness
Crowd selfishness aside;
Cause those who sit in blindness
To think that greed has died.
Misfortune is unsparing
In spreading sorrow still;
The time is come for sharing
The gladness of good will.

It's time to be forgetting
Ambitions that are base,
And time again for letting
Love glorify your face;
The time is come for turning
With cheer for those who plead;
It's time again for learning
To do the gracious deed.

It's time to be declaring
A kindly dividend,
And time again for daring
To be the cripple's friend;
The time is come for giving,
Not laurels to the dead,
But gladness to the living
Whose hearts are filled with dread.

—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

Spring on the Mountain

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

Twice within the year it has been the sad duty of the *Magazine* to extend heartfelt sympathy to one who has been the companion of a president of the United States.

To Mrs. Harding, who suffered the severe shock of having her husband literally torn from her side in an hour when all believed that he was on the road to recovery, we extended our deepest and heartfelt sympathy. To Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who for nearly five years has nursed and lent cheer to her invalid husband, daily hoping and praying that time would overcome his physical disability and restore him to something of his wonted vigor, our hearts go out in profound sympathy in this the hour of her deep bereavement and separation. May she draw comfort from the source from which her great companion drew his comfort, in reliance on the blessings of the Lord, and in the ever-sure words of consolation to be found within the Holy Bible.

A Christian Revival in America

By Harrison R. Merrill

"It is significant that Papini's great work is the best selling book of non fiction in America," says the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the largest and most influential newspapers in America.

What is significant about that? one may ask.

The remarkable sale of Dorothy Canfield's translation of Giovanni Papini's *Life of Christ*, seems to point to the fact that there has been a great revival of interest in Jesus Christ and in Christian ideals. While the sale of this one book may not be conclusive evidence of such a revival, other indications seem to substantiate the belief that there is a tremendous wave of religious enthusiasm sweeping over this country. It is seen in the remarkable growth of all churches during the last year or more, in the united front many churches are presenting to the world, and in the great movement towards week-day religious training in America.

The Latter-day Saint Church has, for many years, attempted to supplement secular education with training in religion: the same movement now appears in eastern states among other religious denominations who have sought and found co-operation with school boards to such an extent that one hour a week is taken from the schedule of secular classes, and given over entirely to the various churches. It is reported, too, that these Bible classes are attended by large numbers of enthusiastic pupils. It is said that when the day-school classes are dismissed for the religion class, the pupils march to their various church class rooms, with banners flying and with expressions of genuine joy upon their countenances. Such a thing could not have happened, or at least did not happen, ten years ago.

Educators, sociologists, and others who are thinking upon national problems, have come to the conclusion that in true Christianity alone is found principles that will save the nation and the world. Almost to a man the leaders in America have placed themselves upon record in a manner favorable to religion.

Roger W. Babson, the much quoted business interpreter of America says:

"The need of the hour is not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or navies, but rather more education based on the plain teachings of Jesus. The prosperity of our country depends on the motives and purposes of

the people. These motives and purposes are directed in the right course only through religion.

"Religion, like every thing else of value, must be taught. It is possible to get more religion in industry and business only through the development of Christian education and leadership. With the forces of evil backed by men and money systematically organized to destroy, we must back with men and money all campaigns for Christian education.

"I insist that the safety of our sons and daughters as they go out on the streets this very night is due to the influence of the preachers rather than to the influence of the policemen and lawmakers. Yes, the safety of our nation, including all groups, depends on Christian education. Furthermore, at no time in our history has it been more greatly needed."

Recently Dr. Charles Abram Ellwood, one of the foremost sociologists of America, declared in a course of lectures given at the Brigham Young University, that a reconstruction of religion along lines laid down by Jesus of Nazareth is the crying need and almost the only hope of the world. We quote from Dr. Ellwood's words: "Our world needs adequate spiritual leadership—" "Only a Christian leadership can save our civilization from going on the rocks"—"The universities have become too much enamored of the gods of the market-place."

Dr. Ellwood's book, *The Reconstruction of Religion,* has had a phenomenal sale, another indication that America is looking for true religion.

Undoubtedly America is standing in the morning light of a new day, religiously speaking. Never before has there been so much constructive thinking along lines of religion and spirituality. Religious forms that cannot stand the white light of publicity, and sound thinking, must sink from view. Those virile religions, capable of seeing and caring for the needs of humanity, will rise and take the leadership in the reconstruction of religion.

Opportunity is knocking at the gates of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The world is coming to Zion for the word of the Lord. The Church must be able to take the spiritual leadership of the world. While we know that Christ is at the helm, we must not forget that he works always through human agencies. The responsibility is ours. May we rise to the situation and do some constructive building upon firm foundations which have been laid during the last hundred years.

We have the truth, but we must not forget that even truth is progressive; devices and ideas must change to fit the new world which greets us daily.

A Daughter of the Southern Sea

By Annie D. Palmer

The little village of Saunia rang with merriment. All through the day its dusky inhabitants had been astir in preparation for the marriage feast of Paula's lovely daughter. At four in the morning they had paddled away, in their canoes, and had returned early in the forenoon with a good catch of various fishes, including eels and octopuses. They had scoured the neighborhood for breadfruit, taro, and bananas. They had brought down generous supplies of cocoanuts from surrounding palm trees, and they had strangled the life out of a huge, pet porker by sitting on each end of a pole placed across his neck. All the cooking pits of the village had been utilized, for there would be visitors from every part of the island.

And now the feast was spread. The long rows of mats laid upon the grass and covered with banana leaves, were decorated here and there with sprigs of orange blossom. The cooked food was placed conveniently in generous heaps. There were stacks of large leaves on which it would be served. Bordering every row were fresh young cocoanuts, filled with milk a cooling and delicious beverage which nature had abundantly provided.

Faintly at first, but with increasing volume, came the melodious song of the rowers, in boats skimming lightly across the bay. The villagers, men, women, and children hurried to the edge of the water and far out into its shallow ripples to meet the visiting party, and push the boats out of reach of the incoming tide.

Laughing, talking, shouting, they advanced to the shady spot where the repast was laid, and seated themselves on grass or mats facing the decorated "festal board."

But Tafi was not there. She had wandered unseen up the narrow pathway to the big banyan tree, at the foot of the hill. With aching heart she sat mechanically plucking ferns and grasses from the luxuriant growth around her, and twining them into a wreath to be laid upon one of her cherished graves.

It was a beautiful retreat, was the seclusion of the banyan tree. Its thick foliage afforded shelter alike from sun and rain; its many trunks and branches were draped and festooned, heavily, with vines and all its recesses, nooks, and alcoves were carpeted thick with grass. Here many times Tafi had sat with her husband-lover and let her tears fall in spite of his tenderness, because of the death of their babies. And here she had sat alone

and wept for him when he had followed their little ones into the land of spirits. But once, as she drew near the place, she heard voices and the language of white men; and from that time she had abandoned the banyan to the missionaries who had headquarters near the village.

This morning she had seen the missionaries go away in their boat. The gathering of the crowd had intensified her loneliness. Her soul revolted against being forced into the festivities. Musing and dreaming she had followed the path, and sat as we have noted, weaving a chaplet in memory of her dead.

She was startled at the sound of a voice very near her, a woman's voice and in the English tongue. She peered into the recess whence it came and saw a white woman kneeling with bowed head. Tafi could understand enough to know that the woman was asking God for strength to do her part in the labors of the mission, and for courage to bear its trials. She understood, too, that the woman prayed that she might love these dark-skinned people and teach them to love her. As the woman rose to her feet, Tafi made her presence known by a little cough.

"I did not see you," said Mrs. Hale, drawing near.

"No, and I not see you," answered Tafi in broken English.

"Why are you not at the feast?"

"I cannot. My heart is so tired, so sick."

"You mean you are in sorrow?"

"Yes. Sorrow. My husband die. So, too, my babies. All gone! All gone!" She drew her flowing hair across her face to dry the tears.

"Poor girl! How many little ones did you lose?" asked Mrs. Hale.

"Two. And my babies all time burn—die soon—not baptize—not save—all time burn, all time burn!"

"No, no, dear little sister. Your babies will never burn. Why should they? They never did a wrong. Your babies are saved. If you do right you shall have them again in your arms never more to be separated from them."

"My, husband, too? Will he—?" She paused, unable to find words for the resurrection and the reuniting.

"He will live again and you shall know him. But you must be baptized, by one of God's servants. There are many things you must learn."

"You like teach me?"

"Very much. You can come to the mission house and we will read God's word together from our Bibles."

"Maybe I come tomorrow. You like I bring Salai?"

"As you wish."

"Maybe so you make me be glad. Maybe some time sing."

"I hope so. We shall all be glad if we do the will of the Lord."

"When the two women parted half an hour later, each one felt stronger for the conflict before her; Mrs. Hale, in the thought of having given comfort to the sorrowful; Tafi, in the new found hope of life and love, beyond the grave and the assurance that her babies were not suffering the tortures of the fires of hell.

The feasting and hilarity, begun at the village in mid afternoon, continued until nightfall. No one had mentioned the absence of Tafi. They were accustomed to her keeping apart with her grief. But as the shadows lengthened, and a cool breeze from the sea sprang up, some one proposed a dance. The dance could never be a real success without being well led; and no one in the village could lead with such grace and variety of motion as Tafi. They found her with her Bible in a hut, far removed from the merry-making. Every excuse she made was vain, every plea put aside. She must lead the dance.

The young people of the party and some of the older ones, were seated in a large semi-circle; the singing accompanied by the wooden drum and the clapping of hands, was begun as Tafi was dragged unwillingly into the circle. She seated herself in full view of all the dancers. With queenly grace her supple body moved forward and back, from side to side; her arms and hands, smooth and perfect as a sculptor's model, waved and circled, were borne aloft, carried forward in graceful curves, and again lowered to the grass at her sides; and all the others imitated as best they could, or joined in with the clapping and the song. As the dancing continued, the excitement grew; and soon Tafi, urged by a chief sitting near, arose to her feet and led the dance much after the fashion of the ballet of the modern stage. And so they danced and wildly interpreted nature's fiercest moods, or revealed the passions surging within their breasts. Something within her told Tafi that this wild dance would not be approved by her friend at the mission, and when it was over she ran swiftly and hid herself, and was not seen again that night.

"The chief of Lufi was much pleased with my daughter's dancing," said Salu, a few days later, when the feasting was over and the guests had all departed. "He has asked that she visit Lufi, that his brother may see her charm."

"The brother of the chief of Lufi is a black pig," replied Tafi. "Besides, I shall never dance again as our people dance."

"And why will you not dance again, my daughter?" asked her father.

"It is not right. My spirit tells me—"

"Who has set you up to be the chief of Saunia? Yesterday

you refused to smoke. Today, you say you will not dance. What fool notion will rule you next? I say you shall go to Lufi, and you shall lead the villagers in their dance. Why not?"

"Tafi feared her father when he was angry, so she did not reply. But that night she secretly prayed that something would happen to change her father's mind. Little did she dream that things so important were already happening that her father would be kept extremely busy for many weeks. The rights of the Island King had been disputed and rumors of war were coming to Saunia, by land and sea.

We must not stop to detail the savagery of the mad conflict. That is not a part of our story. But when it was over, Tafi's brother had met the cruel fate of many another warrior, his wife and baby had been accidentally drowned, and his three orphaned boys became the charge of the childless widow.

Never were south sea island boys more carefully tended. never more carefully trained. Tafi would have sent them to the mission school; would have had them baptized; but the mention of the missionaries so enraged her father that she did not even dare herself to comply with the ordinance. She did, however, visit Mrs. Hale, and was continually drinking in the spirit of the gospel.

"Tafi," said the oldest of her boys one day, "may I go out to the reef and dive for coral? We can sell the coral to the white people who are on the big steamer in the harbor."

"Are you not afraid of the sharks?" asked Tafi.

"I do not rule the sharks," the boy replied. "God will keep me from the sharks."

"And what will you do with the money if you sell the coral?" continued Tafi.

"I shall pay tithing first. After that I shall bring the rest to you."

Tafi took him in her arms and kissed his cheek, which was not the custom of her people. She was gradually picking up many foreign manners from her association with Mrs. Hale.

But the woman was not happy. There was no want; for the need of these simple folk was small, and they shared in common both the food and shelter of the village. She wanted to be free, free to unite with the church in which her faith was fixed; free to proclaim her creed; free to mingle with the people of her choice. More than all she wanted to come into the fold through the way of baptism, and to have her boys come in by the same way.

Gladly would she have stolen away and been baptized secretly; but Mrs. Hale and the missionaries advised her to be patient and wait for her father's consent. Constantly she pleaded:

"Read the Book of Mormon, Salu. It is the same as many things you tell about our traditions."

"I shall read my Bible. I learned the letters from its holy pages. I have read no other book. I shall read no other."

"Then read from your Bible the prophecies—"

"I have read the Bible through. Let me alone."

"The Bible tells about prophets and apostles."

"They are of the past. Blessed were they who saw and heard the holy apostles of the Lord."

"And yet these same people sought the life of the apostle Paul and stoned his disciple to death. Satan always prompts—"

"If I should see an apostle, I would kneel at his feet while the devil shook his fist in my face."

"The missionaries tell us that in their Church there are apostles—"

"They lie. When they show me an apostle, I shall believe them."

"And will you then let me and the boys join their Church?"

"Indeed, yes. On the day my eyes look upon an apostle, my whole family will be ready for baptism." Salu made this statement with the most perfect confidence that no such miraculous person as an apostle would ever set foot upon his native soil. As a smile of contentment lighted up the countenance of Tafi, he felt that he could afford to be generous in a matter so positive, and added:

"Nay, I will go further. On the day I see an apostle in Saunia, I shall pray for the conversion of the entire village."

"So be it, my father," answered Tafi hopefully.

From the conference with her father the young woman hurried to the confidence of Mrs. Hale.

"When will the apostle come?" she asked eagerly.

"He is to arrive on the fourteenth of next month. Will your father hear him?"

"Salu has promised that when an apostle comes, I and my sons and all the people of the village may join the church." Tafi repeated the promise as she understood its meaning, as no doubt it was meant by the chief. It was the spirit but not the letter of his words. He found occasion to look to the letter only at a later date.

All the village was astir on the fourteenth of March. The wharf was thronged with villagers who had gathered to watch the landing of two men from the big steamer which would soon drop anchor in the bay. For it had been rumored that one of these men was an apostle, and that he would sojourn for a few days in the village of Saunia.

Salu, the chief, stirred not. Knowing full well that his

daughter would hold him to his promise concerning her baptism, he made up his mind not see this man, this apostle. So, pretending a severe pain in his head, he lay on his mats, anxiously watched by his faithful spouse, Salai.

"Why did Satan prompt me to promise her?" he growled. "I want to see the great foreigner—I must! But, no. I cannot. I must away to Lufi while he stays in Saunia."

"But if you leave, he will convert Saunia," suggested Salai.

"So he will. I must remain for the protection of my people. But I will not see him. I will not see him."

Conference at mission headquarters was a wonderful gathering. Interest in the great foreigner, the apostle, had spread rapidly over the island, and many came from its farthest bounds to see and hear him. His manner was pleasing, his face was good to behold, and his speeches, given through an interpreter, proclaimed him all he professed to be. For two days Tafi sat almost constantly under sound of his voice. For two days while all Saunia feasted, she took not a morsel of food nor a sip of drink, fasting and praying that her father might see him.

The chief was obdurate. Curiosity was strong, the hospitality of his house urged, his daughter pleaded, and the "still small voice" prompted him to yield. But Satan was there also, and held his ground tenaciously. What would the chief of Lufi think if Tafi were permitted to follow strange gods? Why should his people lay hold of a different religion? Why did the apostle come to Saunia? Why should he, the chief, yield even the least little bit? He would not. No, he would not.

A week went by. The last of the visitors had departed. The apostle had gone to spend a few days at the north of the island, and only Mrs. Hale and one of the elders remained at the mission home. Salu walked about the village. It was a relief to do that. But another sorrow was in his heart. Puamo the fifteen year old lad was very ill. All remedies known to native skill had failed to restore him. The banana which Tafi had chewed and offered him from her own mouth, did not tempt him. His breath was short, his lips parched. He talked wildly of long journeys across the sea and great monsters to be met. In his saner moments he clung to Salu and begged that the apostle be brought to heal him.

"It was in the Bible, Salu," whispered the lad feebly.

"What is in the Bible?" asked Salu in his tenderest tones.

"About praying for the sick—and the oil—you can ask Tafi."

"What is it he says?" asked the chief.

And amid sobs and tears the woman told how even in modern times, the sick were healed when the elders prayed over them, anointing them with oil.

"If the apostle comes here—" The strong man paused, half relenting. The lad clasped his hands, and looked his appeal through tear-wet eyes.

"Well, let him come. If the boy is healed, it is well," assented Salu.

"And you will see him?" asked Tafi.

"No. I leave when he approaches."

There were no elders there when, breathless, Tafi reached headquarters. They and the apostle were to arrive toward evening from the north. Elder Harvey had gone for a walk in the wood. Salu met the woman returning alone and could not conceal his disappointment.

"I must take the canoe," she said, "and go to meet their boat. They will come with all possible speed when I have told them. I must fly!"

"You!" snorted the chief. "You are weak as a baby. Send one of the men."

"There is no one here. The fishing—"

"Ah, yes. And I could not come up to the boat without seeing the apostle."

"Watch the lad," said Tafi. "See that you do not let him die before I come. I shall bring them."

Salu tried a moment later to call her back, but it was useless. She was already shoving the canoe into the shallow water, and the sound of the waves drowned his voice. The man stood for a moment watching her as she put to sea in the frail craft. Had she been in her usual strength he would not have feared. But she had not slept and had eaten almost nothing since the child became ill. He wondered if now her strength would endure.

How she worked! A few strokes of the paddle on this side, then a few on that. The canoe must be guided where she wished it to go. How far she leaned forward to get a long stroke! How she pulled, in her eagerness to reach the boat quickly! The old chief hastened to the lad, where we must leave him and Salai to watch while we follow the canoe now skimming so swiftly over the water.

She must not venture too far from shore, for the breeze was so stiff it was already a hindrance to her progress. She must keep clear of the rocks, and of the breakers that rush and tumble against the reef. She must watch for the boat, that it might not pass her unnoticed and so thwart her plan. And she must hurry—hurry—hurry. That was the one thought she kept repeating—that and the prayer in her heart that her boy would not die before she could get help.

There was no way for her to tell the time exactly, but she knew she had been out a long time, that she was far from home.

She began to look longingly across the water for the boat. Her canoe moved more and more slowly. It seemed too heavy to respond to the pull on the paddle. There was a terrible pain in her back. She could hardly straighten again when she bent to her task. And now the water grew dark. She looked at the sky. There was nothing but clouds—clouds black and ominous. A sharp streak of lightning seemed to tear the clouds asunder, but they remained as before. In a few moments the rain came down in torrents. She tried to go ashore, certain that she would be more likely to meet the boat party there than on this stormy sea. The breeze was now a gale, and the canoe, a mere plaything for the angry waves, floated helplessly, quite unaffected by her feeble resistance. Suddenly her paddle grated harshly against a rock and broke in her hands.

The storm blinded her. She did not know where she was, but she felt sure the water was too deep to wade; and she had no strength to swim. All was lost. There was nothing to do but to drift with the current, and she did not know where the current would take her. It might toss her upon the rocks, in which case she would be dashed to death; it might carry her far out to sea; or it might take her into the deep part of the bay where the sharks—

At the thought of sharks there came to her mind the words of her darling boy: "I am not the ruler of the sharks. God will not let the sharks hurt me." Dear Lad! Was he dead? Would God take care of her, too? She prayed, oh, how fervently she prayed that he would send help to them both!

Then she tried to make the canoe go by paddling with her hands and then, and then—

She knew no more until she heard the kind voice of Mrs. Hale:

"Poor little sister! She did not know how weak she was! And the storm was so terrible! Here is warm milk, dear sister. You must drink it."

"The apostle," murmured the woman in a whisper that was hardly audible. "My boy will die!"

"The apostle is here, and your son is healed," answered Mrs. Hale and Tafi grasped the warm hand of the boy who was patting her cheek.

"Is it, indeed, you and not a spirit, Puamo?" she asked.

"It is true, Tafi. I am well," the boy assured her as he stooped to kiss her forehead. "The apostle came and I am well."

"Where is Salu?" Tafi asked.

The chief came forward and took her hand, assuring her that he never could have forgiven himself, had her errand failed. The missionaries' boat had gone around the island, he told her;

and it was nearing home from the south when she left for the north. Mrs. Hale had brought the apostle and three of the elders, after they had eaten and rested for a short time. It was then that a party had been dispatched to bring the young woman back. The storm overtook them before they could find her. Fearful lest they all should perish, they were about to abandon the quest and put in for shore; but Elder Hale called them a crew of cowards who knew not the value of a human life. Urged by him they had struggled in the wind and torrent until, by the merest chance, they came upon the canoe being tossed hither and yon, its occupant quite unconscious of its freakish gyrations. The chief was simple in his belief and wholly right in his desires. And he was already converted to a church with prophets and apostles, when, after hours of unconsciousness, his daughter awoke to the joy around her.

A miracle had been wrought that day, in the healing of the young boy, a miracle such as the Master did when he dwelt among men. Tafi acknowledged it, and with her father praised God for the wonderful restoration of her beloved son. But when she talked about it all, with Mrs. Hale, the women agreed that the greater miracle was in the conversion of the stubborn Salu. The old chief had verily become as a little child in his ardent desire to learn and to serve in the cause of truth.

Tafi and her sons were baptized within the week. Salu was advised to wait until he had been further tested and tried, in the scorn and rebuffs that were sure to follow.

There is a Book of Mormon in their home now, and they all rejoice in its promise of redemption for their race. Salu has learned to pray, has ceased to revile. And Tafi, with unfaltering faith and unbounded hope, sings as she weaves her baskets and mats, looking forward to a time when she may enter a sacred temple and there give to her departed husband, the glorious gift of eternal joy.

WORK DONE SQUARELY

The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty;
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense for life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—*Lowell.*

Stories Show Human Side of Woodrow Wilson

President Wilson was constantly amending and improving messages to Congress and state papers up to the day they were to become public. So the completed product often differed greatly from the first draft. Senator Newlands had been called in to look over a message to Congress a week or so in advance of its delivery. But when the President read it to Congress it sounded to the Senator like something entirely new and he commented upon this to Wilson.

"That message is much better than the one you read to me," he observed.

"I agree with you," said the President. "I not only use all the brains I have, but all I can borrow. I have borrowed a lot since I read it to you first."

President Wilson was notably fond of a story with a laugh in it and not only told very good ones among his friends, but also used them to illustrate points in addresses and in executive transactions.

Shortly after his first inauguration, a committee of New York bankers called upon him to protest that the banking and currency laws should be repealed.

"Why," exclaimed the chairman, "that law is breaking down the power and control of Wall Street as the money center of the country."

"That reminds me of a story," said the President, with a twinkle in his eye. "A stranger was visiting a great cathedral in London. At length he became so impressed with the magnificence of the cathedral that he turned to the guide, who was an Irishman, and burst out, 'Doesn't this beat the devil?'

The Irishman promptly replied, 'That's what it was built for, sir.'"

* * *

The President was a model of punctuality. It was said that the clock almost might have been set by some of his habits. Every morning at 8:55 he entered his study in the White House and immediately began the dictation of letters answering correspondence. At 10 o'clock he was at his desk in his private office in the White House and from then on he received callers. Each of these averaged about five minutes with him.

He left for luncheon at 12:50 and was at the table at 1 o'clock. In the afternoon he received delegations, conferred with Cabinet officers and diplomats, and went from these engage-

ments either for a walk or to play golf. He had dinner at 7 and was always in bed before midnight.

* * *

President Wilson's youthful relish of detective stories as a mental relaxation was one of his most famous traits.

"There are blessed intervals," he said, "when I forgot by one means or another that I am President of the United States. One is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over the country."

* * *

As President Woodrow Wilson became an ardent golfer, not of the fair weather kind merely but one whose love for the open sent him out over the course in a driving rain or with snow on the ground. Returning one afternoon from a long walk through the snow after a game at the Columbia Country Club links, the President, being late, made a short cut to the White House through the Interior Department building. He found a sign which said, "No admission after 2 o'clock." In answer to his summons the doorkeeper came out, eyed him in a somewhat hostile fashion and said:

"Well, what do you want, and who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Woodrow Wilson," said the President with a smile.

"Well, well," said the doorkeeper, finally, with recognition, "I thought your face looked familiar."

* * *

There is perhaps living yet in Los Angeles a girl who, nearly ten years ago, called upon President Wilson. She went there with a definite determination, as this little story will illustrate.

"Mr. President," said Laura May Reilly, the miss in question, "won't you please kiss me?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the President, and he gave the petitioner a kiss right on her cupid bow lips.

"I'm seven going on eight," said Miss Laura May, "and my father told me to ask the President for a kiss and bring it back to Los Angeles, and I'm going to do it."

* * *

President Wilson was very fond of young children, and very tender toward the afflicted. One day a long and distinguished line of callers was kept waiting while the President, stepping to one side, shook hands with John W. Kern Jr., son of Senator Kern. The boy had been a victim of infantile paralysis and was there on crutches hoping he might be greeted by the President. The President not only shook his hands, but gave the eager, grateful boy several minutes of his time.

The independence of Woodrow Wilson exemplified itself not only in matters of politics and statecraft, but in divers other ways. He aroused curiosity among associates in Washington by using for the ordinary "O. K." the then strange word "okeh." It was supposed that this was a whim, no one imagining it had an authoritative basis. However, it developed that the initals "O. K." stood for the ancient word "okeh," which the President had resurrected.

* * *

Among the President's accomplishments but one which he very modestly concealed, was that of singing. "Father has a beautiful voice," said Miss Margaret Wilson. "It is really of fine quality, but he has not sung much except in concerts at college."

* * *

Possibly the most exciting days of his political career were in the New Jersey campaigns when he was the Democratic candidate for governor. Although his candidacy, was promoted and supported by Jim Smith, so-called boss of the State. Wilson broke with him during the campaign. After his election and inauguration, one of Smith's henchmen called upon him in the executive offices and denounced him for going back on "the boss."

"You are no gentleman," roared the caller.

"And you are no judge," replied the governor, showing him the door.

* * *

Mrs. Wilson still retains, as one of her most prized possessions, the gold vanity case which the President gave her as a wedding present. In a place designed to hold a photograph she placed and still keeps the President's favorite picture of himself.

* * *

Secret service men assigned to guard the President always had a difficult time keeping track of Mr. Wilson. Like Haroun-al-Raschid he loved to steal away and mingle with the crowds. One night, with Col. E. M. House, he left his quarters in New York and together they explored a part of the city, chiefly Broadway and Fifth Avenue. At length the President was recognized and a great crowd soon was following. The two distinguished companions escaped at Forty-third and Broadway by slipping into a building and going out the back way. Then, like two young fellows out for a lark, they boarded a bus and vanished. During the jaunt the President came upon a suffragette haranguing a crowd. That was in the day of very tense business in the suffragette line. She offered the President a tract, but he laughingly refused the proffer.

He was continually breaking Presidential precedents. Early in his first term he left for Philadelphia by auto to consult an oculist. Exhilarated by the freedom he took lunch in a public dining room, strolled through the streets and into stores, returned to Washington in a public railroad coach and was driven to the White House in a hired automobile.

* * *

Although he was a man of striking individual appearance, President Wilson oftentimes was not recognized. Up in Cornish, Vt., the keeper of the toll bridge over the Connecticut River had received from the President the 15-cent impost a number of times, but, on account of faulty eyesight or lack of attention, he had never recognized his distinguished customer. But one day, looking somewhat closer, he had a revelation and asked:

"Aren't you the President of the United States?"

Mr. Wilson smiling acknowledged that he was.

The toll taker was about to forego the 15 cents, but decided differently.

—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

NOTES WOMEN'S PROGRESS

Miss Gildersleeve Speaks at Columbia Cornerstone Exercises

In an address at the laying of the cornerstone of the new residence hall for women at Columbia University yesterday afternoon Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College, declared that the event was a monument to the enormous progress being made by women in higher education.

University records show that last year the enrollment in the three main divisions making up the student body included 18,269 women and 15,194 men. The largest number of women was registered in the Summer session, where the total reached 8,295. There were 5,572 in the undergraduate, graduate and professional schools, and 4,402 in university extension.

Officers, trustees and members of the university's faculties witnessed yesterday's exercises. The stone was put in place by President Nicholas Murray Butler.—*New York Times.*

Why Worry?

By H. L. Johnston

"What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" I heard one man ask another, "You look like you had been pulled through a knot hole."

The man questioned gave a nervous laugh as he replied: "Worry! Nothing but worry. That's what is killing me, and makes you think that I am flirting with the undertaker."

"What have you got to worry about?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill, just how it is. You're an old friend of the family, you know. I'm in debt. Seems like I owe every Tom, Dick, and Harry in this town. By rights I should be owing you, too. It's got so, here of late, that I am afraid to walk down the street for fear that I shall bump into a creditor. I want to pay all these people, you understand, but it has reached the point where I think that every time I meet one of them, he looks at me in that peculiar way which seems to tell me that he wants his money.

"The thing is on my mind so bad that I can't sleep. I'm up in the air. I've lost my appetite, am nervous and sick."

"Tom," replied the family friend, "You're foolish to worry. Worry is worse than all your debts. Besides, debts can be paid, and forgotten, but it is indeed hard to overcome the ravages of worry. Worry is a habit that grows and masters one. It drives its victims mad, sometimes. A person will worry about some task or obligation which is looming up in the near future—needless worry—for after the task is done and the obligation taken care of, you can generally look black and see how foolish you were to worry one little bit over them.

"I'm going to ask a few questions and then see what I can do for you.

"You have a steady salary, haven't you?"

"Yes. But it is so small that I am unable to make it accomplish much."

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"There are three in your family. Just you and Mary and the boy. I'm going home with you and show you a way to get this worry off your mind."

"I will bless you for the rest of my life, Bill, if you do; but let me warn you—no loans."

"Why not?"

"I want one friend left in the world," replied Tom sadly.

The two went home and here is what Bill found out.

Tom's wife laid a stack of unpaid bills upon the table. They were added up and totaled nearly a thousand dollars. Some of them had been running for a year or more. There were with them curt notes demanding the money. A few questions, tactfully put, brought out the fact that Tom and Mary used no system whatever in their expenditures. They were in fact, up in the air. They bought what ever they fancied without regard for price. They had had hopes of saving a little money when they started out with married life but had never made the start and therefore no habit of thrift had ever been cultivated. Now, as things stood, it was even hopeless to think of such a thing. There was nothing left but the worry and the attempt to get along as best they could.

After Bill had all the facts he said:

"There is a way to pull out of this mess, but before you start it will be necessary to make a strong resolution and never break it. I will show you a plan that leads to success. That plan is a little book I'm going to make out for you."

"Little book? What do you mean by that?"

Bill smiled and picking up a ruled account book from the table said:

"You owe this little book just one thousand dollars. Suppose I loaned you a thousand. How much could you pay back each month if you denied yourselves a few luxuries?"

Tom looked at his wife as if asking her the question.

"We should be able to pay a hundred dollars," replied Mary. "Of course, it would make us do without a lot of things we have been used to, but we could do it, in a pinch."

"Well, that is exactly the scheme of this book. Your first creditor is Sam Jones. We write his name on the first page with the amount we owe him. We do that with each creditor until we have them all down in the book.

"Now run over the pages and try and divide one hundred dollars among your creditors to be paid on the first of the month, without fail. You're lucky. There are just twenty creditors. Tom you don't owe every man in the town, just twenty of them. Divide one hundred dollars by twenty and you owe each of them five dollars on the first of each month. Easy, isn't it?"

"They won't stand for it," said Tom.

"Oh yes they will. They will be glad to stand for it, Tom, when they know that you are working on a system which will assure them that they will get every cent you owe them inside of a year. Remember, though, that the success of this scheme depends upon faithfulness in making your payments."

"That should work out," said Tom, his face lighting up with a hopeful smile, the first in months.

"It will, Tom. Depend on it. Give Mary what is left after the book is paid and run no further bills."

"Pay cash," said Mary, "that's what I've always wanted to do, but never had it."

"You'll have it from now on," smiled Bill as he took his departure.

* * *

It was nearly three years later that I happened to meet Tom and Mary on the street. Both looked prosperous and happy. As I was a good friend of both I asked:

"Doing any worrying, Tom?"

He laughed heartily.

"Not a bit. Never realized what a poison thing worry was until Bill put me right. Not only did we pay all those bills like he said we would, but Mary got so used to economy and thrift that we only have a month or two left before we pay up on our new home. I tell you—,"

"We put the price of the new home on the little book too," interrupted Mary, "we got so used to paying that hundred dollars that when we were clear of debt we just naturally had to have that little book. Habit, you see. So charged our home on it and paid off the first of each month. It's the best ever—SYSTEM, THRIFT and no WORRYING allowed in our home."

"Were you ever tempted to skip a month?"

"No sir. The first of each month was a great event in our lives. After checking off the various names as paid, when Tom handed me what was left, you would think by looking at his face that he had just been elected president of the United States."

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—*John Ruskin.*

Are we Pharisees?

By Grace Ingles Frost

The place was the dining room of a large, technical institution in a western state. The time, that hour when all employees met to partake of the midday meal. At one table sat the women, at other tables the men were seated. It was optional whether either faction so much as greeted the other. Howsoever, on this particular day perfect harmony seemed to prevail, if one might accurately judge from appearance. Not the slightest cloud obscured the mental horizon of those present. General conversation, combined with now and then a ripple of laughter, gave one the impression that these people might be members of one congenial family at meat.

Just previous to the serving of dessert, a belated arrival entered the room. This person, a man, without speaking to anyone, unobtrusively seated himself at one of the tables occupied by those of his sex. Several of the men near him greeted him jovially. The majority of the men present paid no attention to him, apparently accepting his presence as an ordinary occurrence.

At the women's table conditions were different. Many eyes were raised questioningly, but no comments were expressed verbally, except by one person. She was a woman of unusually refined appearance, who remarked to her neighbor that the stranger's presence in the room was presumptuous and altogether intolerable. As her mind dwelt upon the circumstance of the man being in their midst, the color in her face deepened and her hands trembled in their efforts to raise the food to her lips. If one could have followed the gyration of this woman's mind, one would have heard a mental monologue somewhat along this line: "What right has such a creature to enter the room with such as I and attempt to deliberately 'break bread' with me? I have been raised not to associate with such as he, a criminal. I will not tolerate such an indignity offered to my womanhood."

To the woman's mind the act of the stranger who had so inoffensively entered the room where she ate, had grown to the proportion of a personal affront. She became unjust in her self-righteousness to the extent of untruth, for the man had not attempted to break bread with her.

Pushing aside her plate, the woman arose from the table.

With head raised haughtily and the flame of indignation burning in her cheeks, she left the room in search of one in authority to inquire if she must be subject to such insult. The conference was satisfactory to her. The man was told to remain away from the room while other employees were present. He must eat alone.

And the man? Yes, he had committed a very serious offense. He was a sinner, but a repentant one. He was striving to obliterate his past by his service to others, and to make his present and future atone for his error. He was not the woman's equal in intelligence, nor breeding, probably, but he was doing his best.

The mind of another individual who was seated that day at the table occupied by the women employees of this institution, was also extremely active. At first this person felt a trifle shocked at the man's presence and then her mind traveled back nearly two thousand years. She saw mentally a woman taken by certain self-righteous Pharisees, before One who was without sin. The words spoken upon that memorable occasion reechoed in her ears. The reply, too, of the Master in all its sublime charity and beauty was born anew in her mind: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Even he, who was the Son of God, yes, a God himself, without spot or blemish, threw no stone. Such as this sinner, he came to save, not to stone. And it was for not only this one sinner, but all sinners for whom he gave his sinless life, just such sinners as this man, whom the woman with her delicate sensibilities, had refused to permit to remain in the same room with her. Yet the woman professed to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, professed, indeed, to be a devout believer in the mission of her Redeemer. Was her conduct consistent with her profession of faith? You who read these lines may answer.

Yes, and again the mind of the other woman at the dinner table reverted back. Another scene was being enacted for her. There recurred the memory of a house in Palestine, occupied by a man whose name was Simon who was a strict Pharisee. Into this house there came a woman who brought an alabaster box of precious ointment with which she anointed the Master's feet, after she had first washed them with her tears and wiped them dry with her luxuriant tresses. The Master did not banish this sinner from his presence. He even permitted her to kiss his feet on this occasion. And when the self-righteous Pharisee criticized him and in his mind denied the Master's mission as a prophet, those words with which the Lord rebuked his host rang out clearly. The Parable of the Debtors is pregnant with meaning for all who care to understand. He whom his Master

forgave most, loved that Master most.

Was not the scene which was acted in the dining room of this institution that day a great contrast to the one which occurred in that house in Palestine almost two thousand years ago?

After these many years of professed Christianity, shall we still advocate and practice the same self-righteousness that was practiced by those whom the Master we acknowledge as divine, has denounced as not being of him? Is it not time for us who call ourselves Christians to cease throwing stones and more truly help those who are repentant sinners to arise again? We cannot do so by drawing our garments aside lest perchance contact with the unfortunate shall contaminate us.

When our Lord was reproached by his enemies for eating with publicans and sinners, this was his reply, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And, said he, "They who are whole need not a physician." Only the self-righteous Pharisee prays, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican." Remember, the poor, sinning publican standing afar off, who would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," was more justified in the sight of God than was the other.

How many of us today practice introspection? Those of us who do so know whether we are truly followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, or whether we are just Pharisees after all; Pharisees who are throwing stones or mud to thwart the plans of him who was lifted upon the Cross that he might draw all men unto him from the darkness unto light.

To obey the law is to be a true democrat. If every man thinks every law must suit him in order that he shall obey it, he is not a democrat but an anarchist. The basis of good government is obedience to law as people have determined it to be. Young men should be trained to know that to be patriotic and democratic members of society they must realize what it means, not only what it means to obey, but to instill the act of obedience in others.—*Chief Justice Taft.*

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Summit Stake

On October 30, 1923, at Kamas ward, in the Summit stake, a very successful social was given by the officers of the Relief Society, in honor of the thirteenth anniversary of the dedication of the Relief Society building of that ward. A very interesting program was given, including the story of how the house

was built and how the money was obtained to build it, by the president, Mrs. Elva E. Lambert. Following the program an elaborate chicken dinner was served. Forty people were seated at the two long tables, which ran the length of the room. The company consisted of thirty-eight members, twelve visitors, and twenty babies and small children.

The Relief Society building was started sixteen years ago and was completed in about two and one-half years, and is valued at $2,200. The society has just completed a cement walk on the entire south side of the lot which is one half a city block, and has also put in a water hydrant.

Teachers' Topics

With a view of increasing interest in the visits of the Relief

Society teachers and with a view of having members throughout the organization profit by the teachers' topics, it is suggested by the General Board that all members of the Relief Society make it a point to be conversant with the current topic each month, and when the teachers do not introduce the subject themselves during the visit, it is suggested that the hostess lead out in the discussion. The topics are well prepared and worth while, and where the visiting teacher and the hostess are both familiar with them, and discuss them freely, the teachers' visits will be profitable to all concerned.

Teachers' Districts

It is requested by the General Board that Relief Society women in speaking of the territory assigned to a pair of teachers for visiting use the term "district" rather than the term "beat." In the teachers' book the word "district" is used throughout and is very much more dignified and suitable than the word "beat."

New Zealand Mission

Mrs. Martha J. Wright, president of the Relief Society of New Zealand, writes that she is very happy in her work in this far away land. In visiting at the various district conferences she has found the Relief Society women interested in their work and making every effort to live up to the gospel teachings, including the Word of Wsidom. She says: "The dear Maori sisters are very faithful in carrying forward the Relief Society work, and their reports which come in regularly will enable me to make a complete and interesting compiled report for the General Board." Accompanying the local reports sent in to Mrs. Wright are very interesting letters written in English by the local Maori secretaries.

Maricopa Stake

Phoenix ward won the prize in the recent stake contest for the best average attendance at meetings during 1923, and will receive one dozen Relief Society song books as a prize.

Tintic Stake

The Tintic stake Relief Society held their annual stake party at the L. D. S. Church amusement hall. Those present were the stake officers and husbands, all ward officers and husbands, and the bishops of the wards with their wives. In all there were 65 in attendance. The evening included an interesting program, miscellaneous games, and an excellent chicken supper.

Logan Stake

In Memoriam. In the death of Mary J. Pederson, widow of the late President H. A. Pederson, the church and community have lost one of its most faithful and earnest workers. She and her husband, who preceded her to the Great Beyond, two years ago, have been residents of Logan since their childhood. Mrs. Pederson was the mother of ten children, nine of whom, with a small granddaughter, survive her. She was a devoted member of the Logan stake Relief Society board, where her sweet smile and unselfish disposition will be greatly missed by her co-workers. An impressive funeral service was held December 14, where her many friends paid tribute to her sweet character, her humble spirit, her devotion to her family and her unselfish life of service.

Hawaiian Mission

Mrs. Louise C. Neff was appointed president of the Relief Society of the Hawaiian Mission, on August 4, 1923, to succeed Mrs. May Smith who served the Relief Society as president efficiently for several years and who with her husband, Wesley E. Smith, was released a few months previous to this time. Mrs. Neff chose as her counselors Sisters Minerva Fernandez and Rickie McQuire, two efficient local workers who have had a great deal of experience in the Relief Society work and who will render valuable assistance because of their knowledge of the Hawaiian language. In a letter written at Christmas time Mrs. Neff writes: "We rejoice in our labors and hope to be able to advance the work that has been so well established in this mission by my predecessors. At the present time we are busily engaged in making Christmas boxes to send to the poor and unfortunate in our midst. We have also been asked to fill one hundred sixty boxes for the soldier boys who are stationed here."

Malad Stake

All ward Relief Societies in this stake have agreed to hold their wheat interest for maternity and child welfare work. Plans are now under way to establish in each ward something in the nature of a maternity cabinet or chest. Nine of the eleven Malad wards are located in Idaho, and two are located in Utah. During September the state field nurse from Boise accompanied by Relief Society workers visited all the schools in Oneida county. The children of school age were given thorough examinations and many of the defects discovered have since been corrected. The expenses of the nurse were paid from funds which had been raised in the county through the sale of Red Cross seals and refunded to the county by the state organization. In Portage, Utah, a clinic was held, December 19, by Dr. Wilford Barber, Mrs. Ella Conover, and Miss Hansen, assisted by Dr. Black of

Garland and by members of the Relief Society stake board. Forty-nine children of pre-school age were examined, also a number of mothers. Follow-up work will be done by Miss Hansen who will revisit Portage in January.

Morgan Stake

In Morgan stake very profitable bazaars have recently been held. Some of the wards joined with other auxiliaries and divided the profits. The Peterson Relief Society held a separate bazaar and was so successful that over and above the amount they had estimated they could raise, they had a surplus which was sufficient to cover the subscription price of the *Relief Society Magazine* for all their members.

Weber Stake

In the late afternoon of New Year's Eve, the Relief Society of Hooper ward took singers and visited all the elderly and homebound sisters of the ward. The serenade and the hand shake were cheering and helpful to both the visitors and the visited.

Canadian Mission

Mrs. Ida T. Quinney, president of the Relief Society in the Canadian mission, writes that the work in this field is favorably progressing. During the past year three new and enthusiastic Relief Societies have been organized.

Juarez Stake

1923 was a very successful year in Juarez stake, which consists of five wards and one branch. The work was noticeably stimulated by the special Relief Society convention of four sessions held during the fall together with the regular ward conferences. Great effort is being made to raise the standard of the work of the visiting teachers. The teachers' topics are carefully discussed previous to visits and inspirational talks are given concerning the work and duties of the teachers. The stake board holds monthly officers' meetings, where the regular work is planned and discussed. All circular letters from the General Board are carefully considered and items concerning the ward work directly are sent on to the wards by letter. The stake officers visited the mountain settlements once and Dublan three times officially, during the year. The wards are all interested in keeping up-to-date the ward history. Juarez and Dublan both held successful bazaars recently. The object of the Juarez bazaar was to raise funds for the Mesa temple. Home reading is a feature in this stake. Practically every woman in this stake has, during the year, read the Book of Mormon, and most of them have read the Doctrine and Covenants.

Conventions and Conferences

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in all the stakes during 1923, as follows:

Alberta—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Alpine—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Bannock—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Bear Lake—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Bear River—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Beaver—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Benson—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Big Horn—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Bingham—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Blackfoot—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Blaine—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Boise—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Box Elder—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Burley—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Cache—Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Emma A. Empey.
Carbon—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Cassia—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Cottonwood—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Curlew—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
Deseret—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Duchesne—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Emery—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Ensign—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
Franklin—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Fremont—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Garfield—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Granite—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Gunnison—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Miss Alice L. Reynolds..
Hyrum—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Idaho—Mrs. Julia A. Lund.
Jordan—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Juab—Mrs. Julia A. Lund.
Juarez—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Kanab—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Lethbridge—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Liberty—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Logan—Miss Sarah M. McLelland, Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Lost River—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Los Angeles—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Malad—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Maricopa—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Millard—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Moapa—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.

Montpelier—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Morgan—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Mt. Ogden—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Nebo—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
North Davis—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
North Sanpete—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
North Sevier—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
North Weber—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Ogden—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Oneida—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Oquirrh—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Panguitch—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Parowan—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Pioneer—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Pocatello—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Portneuf—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Raft River—Mrs. Julia A. Lund.
Rigby—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Roosevelt—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
St. George—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
St. Johns—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
St. Joseph—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Salt Lake—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
San Juan—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
San Luis—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Sevier—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Shelley—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Snowflake—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
South Davis—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Julia A. Child.
South Sanpete—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
South Sevier—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Star Valley—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Summit—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Taylor—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Teton—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Tintic—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Tooele—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Twin Falls—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Uintah—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Union—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Utah—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Wasatch—Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Wayne—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Weber—Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Woodruff—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Yellowstone—Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Young—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.

Guide Lessons for May

LESSON I

Theology Lesson

(First Week in May)

The Parables of the Savior

A. Parable of the Leaven.

"Another parable spake he unto them: The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matt. 13:33.

The power of a right idea is invincible, whether it is put into the mind of the child or the youth or the adult; silently it works as the leaven in the meal, fulfiling the poetic declaration that:

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> While error wounded writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshipers."

Overcome Evil With Good.—The idea contained in this gem of thought is leaven that is working in the mind of the individual, in the mind of the nation, in the mind of the world. It will work on until the whole is leavened. The universal uplift and the triumph of this idea is inevitable. As an apt illustration of the operation of faith leaven in the mind of a child, the student is cited to a poem, *The Joyful Truth,* in the February issue of the *Relief Society Magazine.*

B. The Hidden Treasure.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." This parable is recorded by Matthew only, 13:44.

This parable seemingly has one great object, the teaching of the paramount value of the kingdom of God. It is not a lesson in ethics, but one in the choice of values. The finding of the treasure was a source of joy, and the appreciation of the value awakens in the finder a determination to have legal possession of it even at the cost of all his previous possessions.

Almost universally, converts to the gospel gladly set aside their old notions, be they ever so dear, to obtain the blessings of the Kingdom of Heaven; and moreover, they will sacrifice all earthly possessions if necessary, and their experience is that they

find the highest joy in this one possession—the gospel with its testimony and privileges.

What are dollars and cents to the Latter-day Saint father and mother in comparison to missionary experiences for their boy and girl? All the other members of the family are willing to forego the comforts of life for the brother or sister to pass on in the kingdom, and the young man willingly interrupts a career "to be about his Father's business." All who share in these sacrifices are sharers in the purchase of the field where the hidden treasure is.

To have the field of labor offered by the church is to own the hidden treasurer. Service in the kingdom makes us a part of the kingdom, and the kingdom a part of us; through it we are in the kingdom and the kingdom in us.

The Parable of the Pearl of Great Price

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Matt. 13:45-46.

"In our own country we generally estimate the amount of a man's wealth by the size of his bank account, by the extensiveness of his landed property, the sort of a house he lives in, and the manner in which he extends his hospitalities or his entertainments. In our Lord's time and country a different standard obtained. There you could not always tell how much a man was worth by looking at his clothes or at the house he lived in. You enter a house of clay walls and a roof thatched with straw or reeds, you find an ill-dressed man sitting there amid the coarsest furniture on a piece of carpet which forms his seat by day and bed by night; and yet that man may be the wealthiest person you have ever seen. He has his wealth invested in jewels, and for a very good reason. In oriental countries sudden invasions often take place and great rebellions and revolutions frequently arise where cruel tyrants oppress their people; so in order that a man's wealth may be more easily hidden, or securely removed in case of flight, it is in most cases put into the shape of jewels. In this form, and carried about the person or hid in the tresses of a woman's hair, great fortunes have often been carried from place to place in the East. If we remember this fact it will help us to understand the value which God puts upon his people in calling them his jewels and to see the full meaning of the figure which Jesus used to represent the blessings of his salvation, as one 'pearl of great price,' which all other property and jewels should be sold to obtain." *Hollman's Bible Commentary.*

This parable differs from the parable of the hidden treasure

in that the treasure seeker was prospecting in the open field of nature, in the one instance; while in the other instance the man was looking for treasures previously possessed by some one else. Both parables teach the lesson that the Kingdom of God cannot be obtained either by partial payment or half-heartedness. The price in both cases is the giving up of one's whole self. In this parable the merchantman has been a dealer in gems, in search of goodly pearls. The price of the pearl is all the other pearls; it is the all of the great and the all of the small alike, and nothing less and nothing more. The purchase of this pearl can not be made through any sort of an Ananias and Sapphira deal. The first great essential is honesty of heart, a yearning from within, proclaiming the necessity for endlessness of existence, and then he reads, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

And then there comes to him the inspiration of the Almighty, declaring in favor of the yearning within and in favor of the words of Christ. The truth-seeker places a higher value on the divine declaration than he does on the theoretical findings and willingly gives them all for the revelations of God, attested by his individual testimony.

1. Quote Lowell on the power of truth as a leavening force.
2. Wherein is the overcoming of evil with good the kingdom of heaven in action?
3. Read in the class the poem that illustrates the planting of faith leaven in the mind of the child.
4. What is a joyous sacrifice? Illustrate.
5. Read or relate the story of Ananias and Sapphira.
6. What is the most important lesson to be learned by the parable of the hidden treasure?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in May)

LESSON III

Literature

(Third week in May)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (Continued)

We have read that the great educator, Horace Mann, "championed the sacreligious use of Mr. Auburn cemetery, where persons were buried with no reference to which way they would face when Gabriel blows his trumpet." This story reminds us of the distance between our time and the time when devout and sincere persons argued over trifles of that sort. It also introduces to us the name of a cemetery a short distance from the heart of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where many persons of distinct achievement, in many lines, have found a last resting place. Here Longfellow and Lowell are buried, and also the great actor, Edwin Booth.

Within the city of Cambridge, few places have attracted as much attention as have the homes of Longfellow and Lowell. Already, in our lesson on Longfellow, we have devoted some space to the old Cragie house where the author of *Paul Revere's Ride* found a home. This home had been purchased from its owner for Longfellow. Lowell occupied the ancestral home of the Lowells, in Cambridge. In the year 1904, it was our good fortune to visit the Lowell home, a frame house of three stories in height, painted buff, with windows and doors of white. On the top story there were three windows, as also on the second story, but the third story contained a beautiful, old-fashioned arched door between the two windows. The grounds were attractive in the highest degree, containing a goodly number of those lovely elms which have been for many years the pride of New England, and perhaps somewhat especially of Cambridge. Grass, as well as flowers, that were often made to bloom in the poet's verses, were there in great abundance. The care-taker made us very much at home, and as we left he picked a fringed gentian and presented it to us—the little gentian of the poet's verses.

By the time you come to this lesson, the dandelion will be in bloom. Place on the stand, if possible, a bunch of dandelions and read to the class Lowell's famous lines to the dandelion. You will find no better illustration in literature of the ability of a great mind and a great heart to find beauty in the commonest things of nature.

In the year 1847, the year that the pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley, Lowell parted with his first child, a little girl called Blanche. In the year 1849, he stood in his home looking out of the window, across to Mt. Auburn cemetery, on a typical winter day

in New England. With the thought of the little grave covered with snow, he wrote the following lines:

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was egded inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow."

Within the year that has just passed, the Washington elm, cherished so tenderly for years, has given way, making it necessary to pull it down and dig up the roots. On the 3rd of July, 1875, the date marking the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, Lowell's poem, *Under the Old Elm, was read.* We include two stanzas:

"Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:—
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude, self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

"Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame."

It has frequently been said of Mr. Lowell that none of our literary men were great in so many ways as he, for he was skilled as an essayist, a critic, a writer of humorous and of stately verse. Such a thing as real literary criticism was little known in America at the time of Lowell, and yet he has given us, in his famous poem, *A Fable for Critics,* a group of stanzas that not only give evidence of his ability to write literary criticism, but also is evidence of the strain of humor in his writings. *A Fable for Critics* was written in the year 1848. Mr. Painter says of this poem that it is a literary satire, without the savagery of Byron's *"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,"* or the malignancy of

Pope's "Dunciad." It is a review full of fun touching the leading American authors of the day, but beneath it is the sober judgment of a critic whose estimate of the poets has been established as the years have gone on. A couplet referring to Edgar Allen Poe is as follows:

"There comes Poe, with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge."

His reference to William Cullen Bryant, suggests Bryant's dignity and stately reserve. He says:

"If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole."

After he had paid his compliments to his colleagues, he turned to himself and gives us an estimate of his own work which is surprisingly true to the general estimate of him:

"There is Lowell, who's striving Paranassus to climb—
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rime;
He might get on alone, spite of bramble and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

The *"Biglow Papers"* were exceedingly popular in Lowell's day and people watched as eagerly and read as persistently Lowell's *Biglow Papers"* as we read the story of "The Gumps" and the doings of "Mutt and Jeff" today. They appeal to the same strain of humor in our nature.

Pancoast says that Lowell could be "nobly strenuous or inimitably humorous." A good example of this latter fact is found in the *"Biglow Papers,"* and as we think Mr. Pancoast's discussion of these papers is exceptionally good, we include what he says in the lesson.

"Taken as a whole, the 'Biglow Papers' form one of our most noteworthy contributions to literature. It is often said, and quite truly, that no other country but New England could have produced them. Hawthorne embodies the Puritan spirit: Lowell here brings us face to face with the every-day Yankee, in undeniable flesh and blood. Lowell loved the flavor of the common speech, and by a single effort he has lifted the twang, the drawl, the quaint phrases of the down-east countryman, into literature. From this aspect the 'Biglow Papers' are local; but they are

much more—they are among our few distinctly national poems, more fully and truly American than 'Hiawatha' or 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' While they represent New England, they also represent much that is best in the American people—the clear-sightedness, the shrewd humor, the essential rightness on great moral issues, which are deep-seated in our democracy. Lowell might have expressed the views advanced in the 'Biglow Papers' in that scholarly phrase or that elevated verse which would have been his own natural medium, but he believed that the moral sense of the plain average American man was sound and true; and so, instead of speaking for himself individually, in his own way, he instinctively chose to speak as a plain man of the people, in homely, pithy phrase. Hence we have in the 'Biglow Papers' not the scholar writing from his library, but the voice of the nation. As a work of art the poem holds a high and distinctively unique place among the satires of the language, differing widely in form and spirit from the satiric masterpieces of Dryden, Pope, Butler, or Byron. The mixture of humor and deadly earnest is a national trait, and the 'Biglow Papers' differ from many English satires in mingling wit and absurdity with a genuine poetic beauty and a spirit of the intensest patriotism."

Questions and Problems

1. Lowell's poem, *"To a Dandelion"* will be found in any complete edition of Lowell's poems, and also on page 162, this magazine. Read it and see if the poem succeeds in making the flower mean more to you than it ever has meant before.

2. What does Lowell mean when he speaks of the noiseless work of the sky?

3. List the various objects to which Lowell has compared snow. Is he happy in his comparisons and metaphors?

4. Where was the old elm tree located with reference to Harvard University?

5. What does Lowell mean when he says that three-fifths of Poe's *Raven* is genius and the other two-fifths sheer fudge?

6. Do you think the emotions Lowell experienced, while writing *"The First Snow Fall"* have frequently been duplicated in the experiences of men and women?

7. We should like the teacher to select a passage from the *Biglow Papers* that she thinks both humorous and interesting and read it to the class.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

STUDYING A SOCIAL PROBLEM

It is usually some acute social problem that makes a person turn to a friend or agency for help. It may be illness, or the loss of a job. Or perhaps a child has had difficulty in school, or with the truant officer, or with the juvenile court. If parents are unable to meet the difficulties alone, if the strain of insufficient finances, or of ill health, or of behavior problems seem too complex to be dealt with unaided, they turn, with trust and hope, to some friend, or relative, or church, or agency for assistance and guidance.

It is extremely important that the advice and assistance given a person in trouble, be of a sound and helpful nature. To act as an adviser and benefactor is a responsible undertaking. To be able to give intelligent advice about human problems requires an understanding of human nature, of social affairs and situations, and their various implications.

There is a great danger that the advice and help given a person in distress may be of a superficial nature. For instance, a person may be in financial straits because he is out of work. The casual adviser would perhaps either help him find a job, or give him assistance until he secured work.

But such a treatment might only touch the surface of the person's difficulty. The condition of unemployment might not be the real problem. It might only be a symptom of or an index to difficulties much deeper rooted. Is the man's unemployment due to unsatisfactory industrial conditions? Is he engaged in seasonal occupation, that always entails a yearly period of unemployment? Or are the causes of a personal nature? Ill health may have forced him to abandon his usual trade, and until his health is regained, he will necessarily be somewhat of an industrial misfit. He may have struggled for years at some work for which he is unfitted, and his work history might show a series of failures. Perhaps his emotional instability, or his personal habits make permanent employment difficult. To assist a man, intelligently, to adjust industrially, much must be known of his habits, his aptitudes, his training and his work history. His own story, his family's opinion, and his former employers' reports are all significant in attempting to arrive at a satisfactory adjustment.

An insight into an individual's work history often reveals

other undesirable social situations. A family, deprived periodically, or for a continued term, of a sufficient income, must frequently lower its standards. In practicing certain economies, the family budget for housing, food, clothing, may have dropped below the accepted social standard. Recreational and educational opportunities may have been curtailed. Physical examinations, dental work, and perhaps minor operations, may have been entirely neglected.

Because social problems are so closely related and interwoven, the nature of the first appeal of a person in trouble, does not always indicate the real difficulties to be treated. The present, acute problem of course, needs attention, but merely to pay a family's rent on rent day, or to send a doctor for which the family cannot pay, or to provide food when there is actual want, does not penetrate the real difficulty. It may be necessary for an individual or a family to accept material things—perhaps for a long time. But the assistance that is constructive and kindly and intelligent is of a more understanding character than the mere supplying of material wants.

The real adviser to a family in difficulty is one who is concerned about the complete growth of the family as a unit, and of each of its members. The income must be studied and measured, and supplemented if necessary. If necessary and possible, the earning power of the family should be increased, by locating more suitable occupations, or perhaps even by additional training. The health and school history of each child should be watched and supervised, and the essentials that make for normal child growth should not be denied any child because of the unfortunate circumstances of his parents. All the members of the family should have opportunity to participate in the community or religious activities of their group.

Such an extensive contact with a family, and such inclusive interest and comprehensive supervision cannot be accomplished in a moment. To become a factor and a real friend and adviser requires hours of patient service, and a human interest that is both deep and understanding. Besides, an intimate knowledge of the activities, accomplishments, hopes, friends, backgrounds, and possibilities of each member of the group is needed. An insight into a family's difficulties and possibilities is possible only when certain concrete facts of health, ages, school records, training, attainments, standards, and work history are understood. This intimate understanding and contact is possible only when the person in difficulty learns to depend and trust completely the motives and sincerity of the friend and benefactor.

Reference: Dr. Edward T. Devine's *Normal Life,* pages 93-97.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss the relation between health and employment. Explain how each causes the other.
2. What happens to a family's standard through a prolonged period of unemployment, and subsequent lack of income?
3. Explain how material distress is only a symptom of other social difficulties.
4. Why is intelligent help impossible without a knowledge of personal and intimate facts of the difficulty?
5. Why should all such information be considered sacred and confidential?
6. Show why an interested study of a family makes for greater trust and friendliness on the part of the person in trouble.

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR MAY

THE GOSPEL IN THE HOME

Reverence

"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord." Lev. 19:30.

A. Discuss keeping the Sabbath and proper respect for holy places, temples, houses of worship.
B. Refer to the holidays of the month: Mother's Day and Decoration Day.
C. Remember these days with due solemnity, not feasting and rejoicing.

> Sweet mothers! As they pass one sees again
> Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.

More and more does one see and feel that all problems, commercial, national, international, of war and peace, must be settled by love, love for men and love for God—settled by affection, by duties and by rights.—*Charles F. Thwing.*

To the Dandelion

By James Russell Lowell

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

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